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signed consists in the principal's, employer's or master's ignorance of the transaction beneficial to the agent, employee or servant. So far as the question concerns those who were once janitors of flat houses, but now rejoice in the status of superintendents of apartment houses, the employers know, and always have known, that they are the recipients of gifts and gratuities from tradesmen; in fact, the employees themselves are not free from suspicion in the matter. The wages they pay are conditioned on the outside incomes of their employees; the philanthropic baker, the butcher, the milkman, the ice man, acting as intermediaries for the tenantry, are expected to make it possible for the janitors called superintendents to live.

Of course, no member of the tenant class regards himself as the employer of the janitor called superintendent. The mere rent payers have been too well educated to make a mistake of that kind.

The Binit.

There is in the great and growing Commonwealth of Texas an association for the promotion of home industries known familiarly as the Binit, and more formally as the Buy-It-Made-in-Texas. The purpose of the organization is sufficiently indicated by its full name.

The Binit has come into notice recently through its application to the Attorney-General's office in Austin to frame a bill and facilitate the passage thereof by the Texas Legislature exempting it from the operation of a law enacted in 1907, which makes it illegal for corporations to contribute to organizations within the State. This law, of course, was intended to prevent the corporations from contributing to the campaign funds of political parties, but according to judicial interpretation the Binit comes under the ban. The Binit wants the prohibition removed so that it can accept pecuniary aid from the Texas corporations for its Buy-It-Made-in-Texas propaganda.

This situation suggests another and much broader question of law. Is not the Binit, in its attempt to prevent or restrict trading across the State borders and to limit sales and purchases to a particular territory, a combination or conspiracy in restraint of trade? Is it not directly in contempt of the provisions of the Federal statutes which prohibit such combinations or conspiracies? Does it not need to seek exemption at Washington as well as at the State capital?

This is a highly interesting question and we should be glad to have the opinions of the Hon. THOMAS WATT GREGORY, the Hon. ALBERT SIMS BURESSON and the Hon. EDWARD MANDELL HOUSE, all of Austin, Texas, who do they think of the legality, under the Sherman act, of the Binit's operations in restraint of trade?

Keep the Kettles Chinking.

The intimation of the bells on the street corners is not musical, but it has a persistence and a penetration that fit it to its purpose, which is not to tickle the ear drums but to start the hand toward the coin pocket. You may call it a pesky thing, and the privilege of mild oblongation is yours—free if you will be so curmudgeonly, but preferably to be squared by the dropping of a nickel, dime or quarter, or even the humbly helpful copper, into the capacious kettle.

"Fill 'em up, fill 'em up, fill 'em up!" Why, it's a merry jangle enough, after all.

The Salvation Army, which is feeding as many as 300,000 persons this winter, asks its contributors to remember that the cost is one-third greater than it was last year. This is not a loose estimate, but a statement measured by the bids for supplying provisions. Let each dime or nickel bring two or three pennies along with it, and the mathematics of the season's beneficence is easily solved.

Well tossed, sir! Now your step is brisker, your head held higher. You thought to be a patron, and became a customer. You have bought a heart warmer, and bought it cheap.

The Season of Fellowship.

One touch of nature makes the whole world kin, they say, and six to twelve inches of snow, as might be expected, excites every communal instinct in man. There is, first, the cooperative enterprise of clearing sidewalks, an undertaking in which the neighborliness of suburban dwellers need do shone. What do you think of Jones, who could stay out at a party until 2 o'clock and yet cannot rise this morning to wield a wooden shovel? His front walk is the worst on the block. Let's hire a man to dig it out and send him the bill.

JOHN SMITH, ORABAH SMITH'S SON, who is still in his teens, has spent weeks tinkering in the woodshed, which his father resolutely refuses to call a garage. What for? Well, he comes young JOHN pushing a four cylinder gasoline engine mounted on runners. There is a single seat for the driver and right behind this is mounted an enormous wooden propeller which the youth rescued from the wreck of an airplane. By some miracle the blades were not smashed. He gives them a twist and the motor begins a mad throbbing. The whole neighborhood cheers as young JOHN takes his seat and sets off at fifteen miles an hour in this automobile sleigh ever seen in Pineville. The breakdown that comes afterward cannot detract from the triumph of that initial moment when JOHN SMITH whizzed away in a vehicle more commonly employed by the Grand Dukes of Russia, cousins of the Czar, than by American citizens.

After dark there is much telephon-

ing on the party wires. Mrs. PURCELL is considerably wrought up because she cannot get a number. She wishes to invite the BECHAMS over to have a game of cards, but the operator invariably reports: "The line is busy." After extended efforts Mrs. PURCELL succeeds in setting about an investigation. It develops that there is to be an examination in high school to-morrow, and one ROY DICKERSON and the WICKHAM boys have been doing algebra problems over the telephone as a measure of preparedness.

The drifted white lawns, shining palely under the light of a thousand stars, impart the flavor of approaching Christmas. To more than one quiet body in this inconspicuous American village the thought comes that this common mantle spread over the earth as far as one can see is a tangible evidence of a Divine Intention to treat all men alike. The snow is as well as the rain falls on the just and unjust both. And either snow or rain, very probably, is falling impartially over there on the other side of the world where men face each other in open graves as the third Christmas approaches. Is there to be for them no season of fellowship, no peace on earth nor goodwill toward men? The heart contracts at the thought, but only for a moment. There will be peace when that has been accomplished which a merciful God has inscrutably permitted so many millions to die for.

Worry.

While the Health Department of the city urges folks to take allopathic doses of night air, the national Public Health Service begs all hands not to worry. It holds up the animal kingdom as an example:

"So far as is known, no bird ever tried to build more nests than his neighbor. No fox ever fretted because he had only one hole in which to hide. No squirrel ever died of anxiety lest he should not lay by enough nuts for two winters instead of for one, and no dog ever lost any sleep over the fact that he did not have enough bones laid aside for his declining years."

So far as is known, the bird builds a nest every year, but its fees to the Architect are a mere song. It does not worry because copper sheathing costs 40 cents a pound or because enamel paint has gone to \$6 a gallon. The fox frets not, because he is pursued by nothing more dangerous than a hunt club hound. Suppose he had a dozen creditors on his trail?

So far as is known, the squirrel lays up all his den will hold, and the fact remains that he does lay up. If he did not he would not worry, but he would die. With the dog it is different. He buries bones because it is his duty to amuse man. Come, his sly eye says to his master, I am about to bury, very secretly, a bone; I do not wish more than three or four witnesses. If you will not come to the yard I shall bury the bone under the sofa pillows. Anything to oblige.

Study that equally interesting animal the Don't Worry Squirrel. He totters home at night to his mate. I've spent all day, he says, advising people to don't worry. Will they take the advice? I don't know and I'm getting worried about it.

Submarine Warfare on Empty Ships.

The British horse transport Russian was, like the Marina, torpedoed when she was bound west and empty; that is to say, she was sunk as an enemy merchant ship, and not because she carried contraband. Apparently she was torpedoed without warning, for twenty-eight sailors and mule handlers, including seventeen Americans, were drowned.

It was "submarine warfare" at its worst, in spite of Germany's pledge to the United States that that warfare would not be extended to the Mediterranean, where the Russian was intercepted. In spite of a later assurance by the Imperial Government that orders had been issued to naval commanders to conduct submarine operations against merchant ships in accordance with the requirements of international law, both as regards visit and search and the safety of crew and passengers.

The presumption is strong from the Marina and Russian and similar sinkings that a new German policy is the elimination of as many merchant ships from British registry as possible, with a long look ahead to the end of the war when German cargo carriers will resume business. That would be legitimate enough if warning of what was to come were given. Apparently the German naval commanders are taking no chances of the escape of a single British vessel. If American citizens are sacrificed it is another "regrettable accident." Meanwhile our State Department must be framing a formidable bill of particulars if there is intention of making it the basis of vigorous action.

Hazards and Pikevilles.

The most imposing building in many American towns and cities is the new post office. It is an ornament to the place, no doubt; the architecture classic or colonial, the building material granite and marble. These fine structures are of the last few years. They have been secured by a Representative or Senator who was able to boast of what he had done for the town and assure his return to Congress.

The town really needed nothing so ornate and big for post office or Federal purposes. The site cost a pretty sum and the building was one that neither the State nor the municipality would have put up to please either politicians or people. Will Burlington, Vermont, or New Bedford ever grow up to its grand new post office? The observing traveler will remem-

ber other luxurious piles in the East that are out of proportion to their environment and must have cost a sum that the local taxpayers would never have voted to spend for a new building of any kind.

In the West and South the extravagance is even more conspicuous; in many cases it is a criminal waste of money. Little one horse towns having public buildings that are the show places of the whole Congress district and the joke of the corner grocery store. Straggling villages in a semi-wilderness have post offices suited to cities of 50,000 people. In the nature of things these fine structures will be neglected and will run down in the course of time, because the settlement will never grow up to the building.

In the pork bill now before Congress under the name of the omnibus public building bill, which signifies graft for all, Hazard, Kentucky, with a population of 537, is down for a \$40,000 structure, the cost of maintenance of which would be \$3,500 a year, although the post office receipts are only \$5,000 and will never be much more. Pikeville, Kentucky, another mountain town in the same Congress district, also with a population of a few hundred, is a candidate for a \$35,000 building. These are sample cases. The omnibus bill is stuffed with brazen demands upon the public treasury; it is graft, pure graft, nothing else.

An outcry goes up when schemes to widen Pawpaw Creek or to dredge Hermit Crab Shoals are dug out of the river and harbor bill, but there seems to be a conspiracy to be mum about the loot in the omnibus public building bill. It is high time something was done to regulate the expenditure of money on Federal buildings, suiting the appropriation to the actual need. If the measure now before Congress is not recast to do justice to deserving localities and pruned of its Hazards and Pikevilles, Mr. Wilson should not hesitate to interpose his veto.

History repeats itself. Again the cry "Somewhat for defence." Its meaning somewhat changed, stirs the hearts of the American people.

Even the largest piehole in the State Department must explode if the cumulative evidence continues to increase.

The suffragists are jubilantly calling Miss Ruth Law "The Columbus of the air."

The \$35,000,000 public building bill stands for the theory of taxation without compensation.

The football season will not end until New Year's Day, when the University of Pennsylvania plays Oregon at Pasadena. So notes on the game of glory are not yet out of order. Purdue is planning a new system of gridiron education whereby line men and backs are to be made "in the same way that engineers, chemists and agriculturists are made." In laboratory and classroom. Every school day in the year the candidates for the football baccalaureate will line up against the intricacies of their favorite science. Tackling, blocking, passing, faking on the ball will be practised in the high school pavilion. The coaches of our elite Eastern colleges must admire the Hoosier idea, whatever the professors in the minor studies may think of it.

To the expanding catalogue of varieties of peace add the revived Sylvianpiankurstian.

The Frankfurter Zeitung probably understands as well as any one else the needlessness of immediate anxiety about American overarmament.

One in every hundred of New York's thousands of public school teachers may be inefficient, but the ninety and nine are both zealous and competent. One per cent. of inefficiency is not an extraordinary proportion, unless it is extraordinarily low. The percentage among the authorities who let the one per cent. of poor teachers in must be higher.

Why "aviatrice"? No self-respecting American would want to be called by such an absurd name.

"No squirrel," says a Public Health Service bulletin, "ever died of anxiety lest he should not lay by enough for two winters instead of for one." This authority has not played host to a chipmunk during a summer season. Chipmunk will carry away in his pouch all day long all the corn and peanuts offered him, more indeed than he and his household could consume in two winters. That he is anxious about the winter's store is evident from his persistent calls for more and more and the gravity of his demeanor, not to speak of the risk of a bad cold from the squirrel that he takes in coming and going so often.

The United States Senate seems to have difficulty in finding out just what it really thinks of the Hon. JOHN BARLEYCORN.

THE SPARROW.

Shooting the Little Cass Destroyer Many Other Birds.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: In today's Sun there is a letter from a man who boasts that he shoots all his sparrows on his farm.

Such communications as these ought not to be published, as many other birds may be killed in following the pernicious example set by this person.

ANONYMOUS C. WEEKS.

BROOKLYN, December 19.

Will "A." Please Tell How Sparrow Traps Are Made?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: I note a letter signed "A." Great Barrington, Mass., which refers to sparrow traps.

I would consider it a favor if this person would describe how these traps are made, or better still, where they can be obtained.

WILLIAM H. CARY.

BROOKLYN, December 19.

Consoling a Lucky Kansas.

From the Fort's Capital.

"Lucky" Collins, who was married last summer, has a new overcoat. God knows in a mysterious way his wonders to perform.

THOUGHTS OF A SALARIED POLITICAL MANAGER.

In promoting my lieutenants shall I rely entirely on vocational, character and efficiency tests, or should popularity count 2 points in 100?

Did I forget to punch the clock when I left the office to-day?

Are the lighting, heating and ventilation methods at headquarters perfect?

Does a thin radical need as much as a fat reactionary?

If I want to please some people I must put clerks under civil service rules. Will I get the best that is in him out of a clerk who votes the other ticket on election day?

The office needs pencil sharpeners. What is the best and would I harm my party by buying now?

My grandson has been made brighter by the removal of his adenoids. Is it too late for me, or have I any adenoids?

The lowest bidder for the filling cabinets will need to be a nickel to the last campaign fund.

All business men make a monthly report on production, but how can I tell what I have produced until election?

How can I teach county chairman the evil effects of the use of tobacco during business hours?

My efficiency engineer tells me that clerks who eat a steak with fried potatoes at noon lose 38 per cent. of their usefulness after lunch.

I must compose a standard office form for reply to telegrams reading: "For the love of Mike, send us some money," &c.

Ought I to take the blood pressure of up-State committeemen who call on me and appear to be apoplectic?

I used the Binit-Simon test on a candidate for the State Senate and he replied "Gosh," I said "People," and he replied "Bunk!" I said "Primates," he said "Fiddle!" It's all very queer and there is no text book.

Am I efficient? Who can prove otherwise?

GRANITE BLOCKS.

A Pavement Declared to Be Inferior Under Certain Traffic Conditions.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: In THE SUN of December 16 you published an article under the title "Smooth Broadway Urged," referring to resolutions passed by the Broadway Association at its luncheon at the Hotel Marlborough-Friday. In this article you reported that the resolutions called for a "smooth pavement in place of the dirty, noisy, uneven granite now in contemplation."

Modern granite block pavements are not "dirty, noisy, uneven granite pavements." Granite block pavement as laid today is not a smooth, even pavement, but a pavement with joints filled with asphalt and sand mastic, as laid by Chief Engineer Eugene W. Stern this year on the Bowery, Third Avenue, Fourth Street, Eleventh Street, Twenty-second Street, Houston Street, Thirty-seventh Street and on Park Street.

The city of New York has a reputation for its smooth pavement. It is the only type of pavement safe for horses and automobiles and motor trucks on slippery roads or when wet from sprinkling.

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